

A brief

# COMPENDIUM

OF THE

Birrh, Education, Heroick Exploits and Victories

OF THE

Truly Valorous and Renowned Gentleman,

# THOMAS

## CARL of OSSORP

Eldest Son to His

# GRACE

THE

## Duke of Ormond

Who died in the preparation of his Voiaĝ to the Relief of T A N G I E R S, on the 30th of *July* 1680. so much to be lamented by all, for his great Worth and Loyalty to his Prince and Country, with several other Observations

**T** *Thomas Lord Ossory* Eldest Son to his Grace the Duke of Ormond, born during the late intestine Wars. in the midst of Tumults, Armies, and fierce Battails, when the raging Foe harassed with dissolution ruinous this *British* Empire, the which no doubt indewed him with a Soul contemning dangers, and despising fears Loyalty devoted to the service of his Prince and Country, so famed in Arms, and Courage great, that *Mars* himself could not march on with a more undanted Resolution, E're have charged his Foe, a Warlike Spirit naturally citing him to enterprises, hazardous even in his tender years before he ere knew Stern *Marses* Power, or at the least

least had ere experienced it by Sea or Land, so restless was this renowned Heroe now famed throughout the world for brave Atchievements, that he continually exclaimed, against inglorious ease, and like young *Cæsar*, smiled at clashing Arms, and took delight to hear the Warlike Trumpets sound: these were his infant Practises, but when to manly stature grown, each moment seemed an Age, till he found an opportunity to try his Force, and curb his proud insulting Foe, which then began to brave it ou *British* Seas, and by usurpation to hinder and ingross our Traffick abroad in Forrain parts, I mean the haughty *Dutch*, who had not long before for the like insolencies felt our scourge, yet bold in their presumption, proceeded on to brave the English Arms and put affronts on the Commander of the Seas, for which they could expect no less then War, which by the Royal Power was thought fit to be denounced, in which our far renowned Heroe, was no ways wanting to put forward his Heroick order, but in the well riged Fleet, which ploughed in Tryumph the Surface of the *Auzi* or deep, whilst the North-Winds, were out of Breath, in filling the wide swelling sails and streamers like *Comets* reflected the Sun-Beams back into the Clouds) he set out his Royal Highness, then being Admiral, long they had not failed ere Fortune was so favourable as with a forewind to bring them in sight of the Enemy, which much rejoiced the Noble Earl as well hoping now he should Eace Partel in its deadfullst shape, and try the temper of his Warlike Soul, still thrusting after Glory, not fearing what the danger was, so for his King and Country undertaken imitating in that his Noble Ancestors, who long have been sustainers of the *British* Monarchy, and for their eminent Loyalty, deserved to be remembered to after Ages, &c.

The Wind being favourable at South-West, the *English* tacked about, and Courageously bore down upon the Enemy, the Earl being in a Circle or half point of the Squadron, in a first rate Vessel: after the signal was given to ingage, in the height of *English* Gallantry, and to his immortal Fame, he turned destruction on the shrinking Foe, and with Terrestrial Thunder loud charged through and through their broken Fleet; whilst nothing but Ruins, Death and flaming Bulks surrounded him, against which he let Volleys that sent them smoaking into the Murrering deep, which bubbled up the long confused Noise: nor was he slack to succour and relieve all parts, that were any ways distressed, hazarding himself to all the Advantages the Enemy could wish, to whom at last he proved so Terrible, that being known they dreaded him like Death, and from his Engine Belching fire, and Iron Globes on either hand with-drew, not daring for to stand the fatal stroak, for the meanest Sailor Animated by his Lordships Example laughed at Death, and then contemned his utmost Rage; being more seirce and daring in the mouth of slaughter, not declining till the *Dutch* infinitely worsted, broken on all sides, Burnt and disordered hoisted up their Sails, and fled all that were able to make Sail, but such as were disabled in the Fight they left behind.

Not daring longer to defend them they thus beaten and routed: the Heroick Earl as the true *Insignia* of true Nobleness, Modestly, excused the well deserved Praises that were heaped upon him: the which mildness begot more Applause, nor was fame herself neglectful to Trumpet forth Vallorous Exploites, and into the utmost Corner of this *British* Isle and farther: so prospered his Youthful undertakings that Fortune durst not frown upon his blooming greatness, but was obliged to comply.

He having thus experienced War, grew still more eager for his Princes and Countreyes sake to prosecute the same: And like to *Cæsar* looking on great *Alexanders* Statue, Cryed I have done nothing yet thats worthy of my Birth: so mild was the great Warrior dread in Arms, and and free from that Vain-Glory that success does raise: In the Ignoble Breast, that he hated flattery not suffering his Praises to be repeated in his presence, the which denoted him to be Worthy of so Renowned and Vertuous a Father, to which his Filial Obedience and Love had made him Dear.

Not long after in a second Engagement, as disdainful sloth, he resolving for to try the utmost Force of War, or so to quell the daring Foe, that they should presume no more to Lord it on the Briny Seas, he stood much like a Bulwork, and himself resisted *Demsters* Force, and with Fire and Smoak that darkened the bright Lamp of day, drove his whole Squadron back; whilst himself upon the Deck stood with his glittering Sword, whilst Shot like Hail sung round his Head, and the fire then on each hand barrocaded up his way. There by him such wonders were performed, that all admired his noble Resolution, so that it was greatly thought Victory gave that day to us through his brave resistance and courageous Animating the other Squadrons on to force Enemies out-stretched line, and with Volleys leud, and ruinous to make them scatter over the wide Ocean, glad to escape under the sheltering Coverture of sable night, but notwithstanding great hazard and loss, fifteen of their Ships being fired sunk and taken, and about five thousand of their ablest Seamen slain and made Prisoners, so Fortune and Victory conspired to raise the noble Warriour to the pitch of greatness and Renown, that where ere he fought they still were emulous for his preservation, and strove to confer their favours upon him, wreathing his Warlike Brow with Lawrels or triumphant Bays. After the heat of these Wars were passied, by the submissions of the Conquered Foes; and Peace was mutually concluded his Honour. Returning from on Board his floating Castle in which he had taken so much Delight, for some time resided at Court with a universal applause; but could not content himself with the glittering Pleasures and Delights that are still attendants there; his Soul was still intent on Arms, and desire of military Discipline; no Musick sounded more pleasant in his Ear than to hear Heroick Actions told; for like the Carthaginian Prince, he was in all parts formed for brave Designs; and from his Infancy promised all the noble Virtues that adorn mankind to make him most accomplished: But to the purpose. Long had not he rested before another War broke out more cruel than the former our Navy joyning with the power of *France* against the yet testy Dutch; which both by land and Sea he behaved himself with the like bravery of Spirit and Gallantry as in the former to the purchasing immortal Fame, but here behold a sudden alteration changed the Face of grand Affairs, for the perfidious French breaking Articles of League Offensive and defensive, they had made with us upon the second submission of the Dutch, his Majesty in pitty to their distress, the French having besieged as it were in most of their Provinces and taken several of their chief Towns, granted many English, Scotch, and Irish Forces to bear Arms there under his own Commission, whereupon many of our Nobility was pleased to favour them with their Heroick Conducts against that Sword which before like a Disease did Rage, of which his Lordship being one, who commanded a Regiment of well Disciplin'd Souldiers, with whom he so bravely behaved himself in all his Conducts as gained him an esteem most honourable, so courteous and benign kind, that he won each heart, the darling Delight of his Friends, and terror of his Foes, who dreaded him even to death, as knowing where his Arms engaged, he stood not dallying, but like a Whirlwind roaled Destruction round him, crying press on to Victory. So gallantly did he behave himself in the succor and Relief of several distressed Towns and Cities that the French Armies then were firing, And when great *Luxemburgh* besieged the famous Town of *Mons* the pride of all the *Netherlands*, the Dutch and Spanish Armies under the Command of his Highness the Prince of *Orange*, not daring to venture the attempt of its Relief till animated by his Lordship and several others of the noble English Commanders, who Charging the main Battalions of the French routed them on every side, mowing as it were with a Whirlwind swiftnes so that they made way no longer daring to resist, his Lordship at the head of his Regiment undanted standing, received the first Charge of the Enemies Right Wing, and with such Courage repelled their Force, that the Horse were disordered, and immediately gave ground he pursuing them till they finding no place to retire, broke into the Ranks of the *Wal-loons*, and so put them into Confusion, nor did he desist, though the Shot flew thick on every side, and dreadful *Mars* raged throughout the Field, and the slain on every hand bestrewed the place, whilst Victory turning her blood-shot eyes upon the dreadful Battel, great and perillous, and clapped her joyful Wings, whilst the pursuing English through

through the bloody Field drove the Fugitives, sole Victory remaining on their side. Here the Heroick *Ossory* won such praise, as will immortalize his Fame, till time shall be no more. War here ceasing and mild Peace ensuing, his Lordship left those Foreign Climes, and laying down his dreadful Arms so fear'd and so renowned in *Europe*, he returned to honour this thrice happy Isle; where, and with his Father of ever worthy remembrance, now Lord Lieutenant of the Kingdom of *Ireland*, there not being any business of War to employ his Honour in, till of late, the barbarous Moors invading that Famous Garrison of *Tangiers*, which advances the English Ensigns into the main Land of *Africk*, and in spite of those innumerable Foes has defended so long our Honours, and Commanding far into the Ocean, and on Land curbed their insolencies, till of late having increased in Force and Pollicies, they had made great advances on the Forts and Outworks, but having the preparations that were made from *England*, and the terror of great *Ossories* renowned Name, he being to Command the Warlike Forces, the *Alcade*, Captain General of the Moors Horse and Foot sent to offer Peace, but his Lordship having all things on Board in Order to his Voyage, on an unhappy day fell sick of a Feavour, and after eight or nine days Languishing died, which was on the 30th of *July* last, to the great Grief of all true loyal English Men, who cannot but be sensible of the fall of such a Pillar, whose Arm has wrought such wonders for his Country, and his Heroick Vertues promising greater, had not Death bereaved us of him in the prime of all his Blooming Glories.

**FINIS**